

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Volume I.

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Number 8.

Principles of Nature.

TIDINGS FROM THE SPIRIT-HOME.

Since the subject of Spiritualism has been so freely discussed, I cheerfully lend my aid to the establishment of these glorious truths. The world may deride, and the foolish attempt to "laugh you to scorn;" yet, fear not, for the Father doeth all things wisely—thus He has implanted desires in the human heart that ever must remain unsatisfied independent of spiritual developments. Did we possess merely mortal vision, our ardent desire for the promulgation of spiritual light would become awed and terrified in view of the powerful opposition this subject encounters; but I am herein permitted to assure seekers for truth, that the Spirit of the Father emanates through us in a degree sufficient to obliterate all fear, as we, through His assistance, can behold the eventual triumph of Truth.

With these preliminary remarks, presenting to you the confidence with which we impress mortals, I will approach boldly the objections *spiritual expounders* attempt to array against us, or rather *our instruments* for the transmission of light.

First, the objection arises, why are physical manifestations necessary for the advancement of spiritual knowledge?

Let me reply, "Man is of the earth, *earthly*," wherein his *natural senses* must be gratified previous to the establishment of important truths. Allow me to direct you to some philosophic mind, and inquire if an established theory without practical demonstration would assure him of the attainment of his glorious design? Wherein did Newton discover laws of gravitation? Was it not through a simple illustration of the Father's? Then let me entreat skeptics to ponder the subject before denouncing its truths. Our spiritual natures would joyfully approach mortals and impress them with the beauty and consistency of the heavenly Father's divine arrangements in directing departed mortals toward earth's children, but the human mind is not prepared for the reception of such light without previous preparation; thus *physical demonstrations* are a rudimental step in the school of spiritual investigation.

Secondly. Why have these evidences been so long withheld from mortals, when the human mind has ever been in doubt and unbelief with regard to a future existence?

Therein is contained the sequel of spiritual truths being reserved for the present era. Never has spiritual power been incompetent to present God's truths since the transition from earth of the first human offspring, but the condition of mankind forbids the reception of such light; therefore, the happy dawn of spiritual communications was reserved for this otherwise enlightened age. True, Christ's glorious mission preserved millions from a lifetime of agony and mental bondage, yet the *full* glory of his sacrifice can not be appreciated until our ability to impress mortals is conceded by spiritual teachers and reflecting pupils. Revert in your mind's eye to the dark ages, wherein scarcely a ray of light dawned upon humanity. Behold the gradual, yet constant progress of religious life and light since that period. Calvinism was first hailed as a release from mental darkness; yet its limited powers, circumscribing the Father's goodness, caused the investigating mind to seek relief from such arbitrary laws. Thus, Arminian views put forth their feeble shoots from the seed scattered by the way-side of Calvinism, and frail mortals, doubting the Father's goodness, grasped at immortal destiny, yet finding themselves incompetent to the task of

conducting a barque so momentous, cast aside their propelling powers, allowing God to render his glorious teachings transparent to the minds of his earthly children. Thus you behold *limited salvation* partially demolished in the minds of men while their inability to accomplish God's design was rendered apparent through experimental efforts, and the beautiful structure of Universal Salvation was erected on the crumbling ruins of bigotry and superstition. Thus had spiritual intelligences observed the advancement of mortals (through natural affinity) and embraced this enlightened stage of the human mind for the presentation of still *greater truths*. Now, the mind of man is highly susceptible to philosophical and theological teachings, and one universal voice of praise to the Great Designer of Good is beginning to arise from those wherein darkness and unbelief once reigned triumphant. Behold the numerous avenues of knowledge—do you not therein feast your mind upon the liberal sentiments expressed? Then look abroad through Nature, and behold the workmanship of God made manifest through sources to gratify the natural senses, and you have sufficient evidence of the cause of physical demonstrations in spiritually impressing earth's children. The beauties of Nature have not increased since the creation, yet they are rendered more attractive while beholding them in a natural light, than through distorted vision;

—thus I would refer you to the glories of the Heavenly Father's character. His love, goodness, or power, have not increased since the human family were rendered subject unto him, yet can not *greater* beauties now be discovered in his guardianship, since his regard is considered as extensive as his family?

Then let me inquire, will not *still greater* glories be manifested through Him in permitting departed mortals to revisit earthly kindred, assuaging present grief, and assuring them of their glorious deliverance from earthly trials, and the final ingathering of *all* family circles, where "tears can be wiped from off all faces,"

Thirdly, I will endeavor to overthrow the objections toward which mortals aim their most unyielding weapons—that is, *the great variety of teachings presented to the world through spiritual mediums*. No diversity of opinion would appear were all equally passive and alike susceptible to spiritual aid. But now we behold one *physically* organized for the transmission of superior light, while *preconceived opinions* reject the full disclosures spirits would cheerfully offer through them to a benighted Brotherhood. Another, through surrounding circumstances, may be free from sectarian influences, wherein the full light of the Father's glory can radiate without intermixing with dross unfortunately treasured in the mind of one with less extended views.

Again does the inquiry arise, Can not spirits discriminate between good and evil? Certainly. We can clearly behold the instrument through which our tidings are proclaimed; still, we avail ourselves of mortals susceptible to our influences with the *firm conviction of their soon beholding and promulgating truths independent of mortal errors*. Another serious inquiry now arrays itself: Whose teachings shall we embrace? Allow me to present a test for the reception of truth and rejection of error. So far as our sentiments correspond with Christ's teachings, can they be relied upon as a light to guide humanity over the rugged pathway of mortal existence. Neither would we limit our powers to the earthly sojourn, as a spiritual discipline can commence on earth, to be perfected in heaven where no retarding influences occur.

To assure the spiritual objector that no evil

will eventually result from the variety of teachings presented through different sources, I will say, the subject has been more extensively agitated than the prescribed rules of theological reading would allow, had not these demonstrations been manifested through every sect and grade of society in Christendom sufficiently enlightened to investigate. In the language of our great exemplar, "we come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"—thus we desire not to inspire advanced minds with superior light, but rather those enshrouded in doubt and error wherein heavenly light can not clearly dawn.

Another powerful feature against our ability to revisit earthly scenes is, the *retrograde influence* it exerts upon our spiritual growth! Vain mortal! has not the heavenly Father beheld his earthly offspring and manifested his spiritual presence through Nature's numerous voices? Is not His omnipresence acknowledged by all? Do not all believers in Christianity implore His aid in seasons of spiritual want? Then, do mortals fancy the released of earth more advanced than the Father—consequently more remotely situated? Let me assure you, the Father wisely imposed duties on his *spiritual* as well as *earthly* offspring. Thus they are rendered subservient to Him, thereby causing the economy of His divine arrangement to be clearly portrayed.

I will now entreat all, with the ardor of a spiritual nature, to banish doubt, and allow "faith, hope and charity" to appear in its stead. Fear not that it detracts from the glory of the Father, as the perfection of His teachings, and the reverence inspired thereby, *can not be transcended*. In the language of an ancient teacher, I will say, "Try all things, prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Fourthly. The objection toward which the world conspires with its united forces, is *the peril in which Reason and Intellect are placed*. To our spiritual view, the objection appears too frail for investigating minds to ground their barque upon, as all the beautiful workmanship of God can be used as instruments of evil. Man was originally perfect in his organization, but through innumerable transgressions the system has become highly susceptible to nervous excitement, thus enfeebling the powers of mental endurance, and rendering reason sadly exposed from constant reflection upon any subject. I will ask, ought religious teachings to be abandoned because reason has often been dethroned thereby? With my spiritual vision I have never beheld so sad a result as the world proclaims from our attempts to impress earth's children.

Insanity is often produced through causes concealed from public view, while subjects of great vital importance to mankind bears the calumny. A volcano's powerful fire long lies concealed in the earth's bosom, yet its outburst must eventually come, with terrific aspect. Thus it is with the human mind. Some unseen fire may consume the foundation of reason's structure, and when the outburst appears, the shield, endeavored to be worn, receives the fury of an indignant multitude. Again I will inquire, what is there in our teachings, or the truth of our proximity unto mortals, conducive to insanity? When man is lamenting the separation from the beloved of earth, will not these truths offer him a panacea for his bleeding heart, when doubt and uncertainty exist with regard to a future reunion? Furthermore, will not our aid encourage and sustain earthly teachers in their arduous duties, whereby the happy era will be hastened, when "all shall know God, from the least to the greatest?" If such truths endanger the human mind, the sentiment of future

existence had better be abolished, and annihilated, with its darkened visage, array itself before the mind thirsting for immortal life! Since Reason has so long withheld the horrible sentiments offered for its reflection by benighted teachers, and is now flourishing from sustenance received through more liberal channels, should even spiritual wisdom withhold *greater* light, through *fear*? All acknowledge God a spirit, indwelling in their midst—also, acknowledge released mortals partaking slightly of His divine nature; then, would not our Godlike desires prompt us to the discharge of such heavenly duties? God created *all* for a condition of final elevation and happiness, yet, never has one sentiment been expressed through His sacred volume acknowledging us mere automata in His happy realm. As we emanate from Him, our desires must naturally correspond with His, in a slight degree. Since we are divested of all *human* enjoyments, an *inactive* or *selfish* condition in the Spirit-world would be more terrible than the regions of unending woe, which mortals vainly attempt to portray. The inquiry at once suggests itself to the human mind, has this ardent desire to impress mortals ever existed in spiritual natures? Yes; and its glorious influence has been unconsciously felt throughout all ages; yet the period had not arrived when such *perceptible* demonstrations could be presented, as now occur through mediums.

Now I will inquire, in the language of Paul, "Are we not all ministering spirits" for the benefit of those we love? True, our spiritual elevation can not be increased through earthly intercourse only as we advance "another's good;" therein we can comply with Christ's requisition, showing ourselves "kindly affected one toward another," even after the mortal tenement is supplanted by spiritual beauty.

Thus have my spiritual views been presented for the benefit of earth's children. Should their objections be herein demolished, I will joyfully portray some of the pleasures of the Spirit-home to their view.

THY SPIRIT-SISTER.

"Humbug!"

When we desire a child to obtain knowledge, we commence and teach it the alphabet, and then begin with "ab;" thus joining letter to letter, syllable to syllable, and word to word, until a sentence is formed. By thus commencing, the child's mind is supposed (and very correctly) the more readily to comprehend the full meaning of language. Before being enabled to solve a mathematical problem, it is indispensable that we have a basis of calculation. Thus, with every branch of education, we must *rudimentalize* and go with it through every stage of multiplication, or we shall fail of a correct understanding. And so it is with all sciences. A science is the compound of rudiments.

You understand Astronomy—can see clearly (with your mental sight) all the movements of various planetary systems—it is a beautiful and harmonious reality to you; but how many thousands, comprehending nothing of the kind, have exclaimed, "Humbug!" How many, even now, from their non-comprehension of the subject, would readily give expression to this same word, if they were not conscious of betraying a pitiable ignorance! But, when sciences are compounded—springs and streams concentrated in one grand ocean—and when the sublime sum-total is figured up, *SPIRITUALITY*—which to many minds is as clearly an illuminated truth as that the sun's rays create light—we wonder not to hear unirradiated rudimentalers exclamings, "Humbug!"

Let me ask, who among the multitude are

believers, unshaken supporters, of this "new-fangled" Spiritualism? Is it the illiterate—the bigot—the fanatic—the sensualist—the vulgar? No—but there is not one of these classes who can refrain from crying, "Humbug!" The sphere of thought necessary to constitute a Spiritualist is too scientific, too refined, too exalted, for the common mass of Materialism. But, thank God! the Light is brilliant, penetratingly luminous; and it must be a concretion of truly a stubborn nature, that some impression is not made, daily and hourly. "The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not," is becoming obsolete. The darkness must and shall be illuminated—the effulgence of the Supernatural Spirit is all-powerful, and though man may clothe himself with a mountain—take up his abode in the deepest caverns—an earthquake will shatter his temple, and the noon-day sun stream down upon him.

R.

An Antediluvian Relic.

Upon the invitation of Messrs. Peter Wright & Sons, of this city, we recently visited a relic of the antediluvian world, which they not long since received from Ireland. It is the skeleton of an enormous Elk, such as roamed the earth, it may be, before Adam, certainly before the flood. These antediluvian Elks are found at long intervals in the peat bogs of Ireland. They must have been, we judge, nearly as long, and quite as high as an elephant. Their antlers are enormous, measuring in the present specimen about six feet long each, or twelve feet from point to point of the two. In another skeleton, not yet put together, the antlers are, if we remember right, about eight feet each. These antlers, moreover, are very wide, and their weight must have been exceedingly great. What purpose they could have served, is rather a puzzle.

These remains are found, as we have said, in the peat bogs, at a depth of from thirty to forty feet. The antlers, when first uncovered, are very soft, almost like brown paper; and great care has to be used to prevent them from tearing to pieces. Upon exposure to the air, they become about as hard as soft bone.

The query naturally arises upon seeing such animals, whether all the inhabitants of the antediluvian world were equally large as compared with the present races. We know that as to men the Scripture says, "There were giants in those days," and surely it must have taken "giants" to manage such animals as this Elk. If the men were large in proportion, it seems very reasonable that they should have lived from 500 to 1,000 years.

But how is it that the animals, to say nothing of men, have suffered such a deterioration in size and strength since the antediluvian era? Even supposition grows dumb in answer to this question; or answers it to not much better effect than that irreverend genius, who gave as the reason, that Noah of course took very young animals into the Ark, with the object of saving room, and that the flood gave them such a great scare, that they never got their full growth.

But, to return to our Elk, we trust some of our wealthy citizens will club together, and purchase the largest one for the Academy of Natural Sciences.—*Cincinnati paper.*

People who are so afraid of free discussion that they shut themselves out of its influence in a creed, are like a man who should be so pleased with a taper, that he should shut himself up in a closet with it, lest the wind should extinguish it, or the broad light of the sun render it unnecessary.

c. w.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

THE TIME AND THE DUTY.

Life has been compared to a drama in which every one has his part assigned him. The earnest man—the true man—will not neglect his turn because he is not permitted to appear in the last scene. The duties of To-day are as essential to the final result as those of the morrow, or of the remote future. Well will it be, therefore, if we but discharge the obligations of our own time. If true to existing relations, and faithful in the observance of present duties, we shall neither live in vain nor fail of our reward. It is written that he who is faithful over a few things—conforms to the laws of physical nature—shall so develop his higher powers and enlarge his capacity, that he shall become a ruler over many things. It is true that when the soul assumes the governing power, and the inward senses are quickened and exercised, a new world is gradually opened to our contemplation. Thus we are born of the Spirit, and find ourselves in the midst of an empire, vast and beautiful, in which the conscious soul reigns with God.

The latent elements of all truth and goodness exist in man, and are warmed into being by the overshadowing influence of higher spheres. Those germs are quickened by the spiritual sunlight, and along with their development great thoughts are born, and man grows divinely beautiful in spirit and life. We are called to witness the development of a new idea; a great Truth is unfolding its blossoms in the soul, and shedding its fragrance on the moral atmosphere. Even now the Divine Spirit is about to be enshrined in the splendid creations of a new Era. The old heavens and the old earth—the religious and political institutions of the world—must pass away, and from the chaos of dissolving systems the new heaven and the new earth shall arise, and the reign of righteousness begin. We are conscious that this transformation may require a long period. The most stupendous changes are not accomplished in a moment; they serve rather to mark the transit of uncounted years. What if we do not remain to witness, with these imperfect senses, the completion of the work already begun—we shall still live, and with a clearer vision read the sequel of Earth's history.

A Voice from the South.

We are indebted to a much esteemed friend in Connecticut for the subjoined letter from Rev. J. B. Wolff. We need not stop here to question the conclusions at which Mr. W. arrives. If any of our readers object, they are at liberty to take the facts only, and draw their own conclusions.

MY DEAR BRITTON:

After reading J. B. Wolff's communication in the first number of the TELEGRAPH, I felt a desire to know if he still entertained the same views regarding the spiritual phenomena that he did ten month since. A few days ago, I received from him the accompanying letter in answer to you, I send it for your perusal.

Yours, most truly.

WHEELING, Va., May 23, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

I know not how my experience found its way into the Telegraph, unless the manuscript was preserved, as I have never seen it in print. But such an article I know I wrote, and no doubt shall father the one referred to. I fear you place too high an estimate on my ability to satisfy you and others in their expectations, especially when I tell you that I am a simple child of nature, with but little polish; but, limited as may be my ability, I would write, and talk, and print, until mankind should come to a knowledge of the truth as it is revealed. I have spent much time and money, and latterly have suffered heavy losses, growing out of attention to these things and neglect of other business; but I have no harrowing regrets. I am amply repaid. With this introduction, I will answer you as briefly as possible on the main points.

First. I have nothing to recant; and had I the article, no doubt I could state that I have progressed much.

Second. I have had rapping, tipping, clairvoyant, and writing mediums. When our circles were concordant, the demonstrations were uniformly convincing. I need not detail them. The moving of tables with men on and holding them, is now common in this vicinity, but not in this city. I have witnessed many convincing proofs that spirits are deeply interested in our welfare, and are constantly about

us, and that the time has arrived for closer and closer intercourse.

Third. I am also satisfied that many communications are uncertain, from the ignorance of undeveloped spirits, or the defect of the means of communicating. As yet, I can not tell which.

Generically, my whole religious faith is changed:

1. I do not believe in the Divinity of Christ.
2. I do not believe in the doctrine of the Fall.
3. I do not believe in the eternal damnation of souls.

4. I am satisfied, from actual experiment made last August at camp-meeting, that religious excitements—conviction—conversion—trance—jerks—ecstasy, &c., are largely connected with Magnetism. I took a subject of trance, and, by volition and counter-passes, threw the influence off, after she had been affected several hours. My personal experience, as a revivalist, as a magnetizer, and as a close observer, furnish me with data to sustain me.

5. To the sinner, conviction, conversion, &c., are realities; their joy is really philosophical, if you please; but it comes from passivity of mind and consequent harmony between mind and body, and the great law of love and obedience.

In this state, a spiritual, overpowering influx comes upon, fills, overwhelms the soul. It is therefore a mistake, that the Spirit of God directly contacts with my spirit in the act of conversion, as taught by the churches; and yet God, being omnipresent, dwells in every harmonious soul, by an inevitable law of love and harmony. But this subject is too vast for the limits of this letter.

6. Magnetism is the precursor of a great day, and is the most important science, pertaining to man in the body and out of it, yet introduced. Its phenomena are new, beautiful, truthful, useful, and progressive.

For years my mind has been spontaneously tending to a fitness for these things, though I knew it not. Six years ago, the progressive element began to develop, in investigating the laws of health and the nature of the Divine government; and was only retarded by surrounding conditions. Four years ago, I had distinct spiritual impressions of peculiar character, now explained. Eighteen years ago, I saw a distinct spiritual baptism of Rev. David Merriman, in broad day-light; a clear, distinct, bodily descent; a white, pure light descended and settled on and about his head. I was a boy, and knew nothing of such things, and consequently there could have been no illusion; but that idea is ruled out by attending phenomena.

He was instantly aroused—the congregation was electrified—and the revival commenced and progressed from that moment. I did not mention it for seventeen years, for fear I would not be believed. He is since dead, and has satisfactorily explained it all to me. He came, impressed me with his presence so that I spoke his name aloud, explained, and has never visited our circles since.

But a title of those engaged in visiting the manifestations comprehend the comprehensiveness of this mighty era. By an inevitable law of progress and fitness, it must exceed the era of Christ. It must be greater, as much greater as Christ was greater than Judaism.

I am gradually preparing to give myself wholly unto these things, though I find much difficulty, not being surrounded by concordant circumstances.

This is the commencement of the Millennium, and it will be established on the ruins of all churches. Sectarianism must come down before Truth and Love can reign among men. The clergy, instead of leading men to God, are barriers in their way. They are sincere, but in error.

You must excuse the laconic and confused style of this letter; it is dictated in haste and without order.

Respectfully,

JOHN B. WOLFF.

Just as our paper was going to press, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, inquiring whether we, and other friends in this vicinity, would meet the Spiritualists in that city, on the fourth of July, ensuing. We can only say that, if our western friends have resolved to call a meeting on that occasion, we shall be happy to extend the call through our columns; but the shortness of the notice, the number of our engagements, and the fetters imposed by our corporeality, will not permit us to attend, except in spirit.

Since writing the above, we have received a second dispatch, announcing the fact that THE MEETING WILL TRANSPARE. The invitation is to all friends, far and near.

"THE LADIES' KEEPSAKE AND HOME LIBRARY," Vol. II., No. 6, for June, has found its way to our desk. We think the work is increasing in interest. On casting our eyes over its pages, they rested on a sweet poem, entitled BEAUTY, by Annette Bishop, taken without credit from our SHEKINAH.

Correspondence.

PORTLAND, Me., June 10, 1852.

Mr. Editor.—The *Spiritual Telegraph* has been put into my hands by a subscriber. I have perused it with much interest, as well as other matter of the same character in other papers which I have met with from time to time.

I do not know from what sources these manifestations emanate, and hold myself in a state of inquiry, prepared to believe just so far and no farther than I have sufficient evidence for so doing. I am one who is always ready to investigate *any* thing, however mysterious or however simple, however incredible or however plausible, which is presented as a candidate for admission into the category of science, either mental, moral, or physical. I look first at the facts, and then at the philosophy of those facts, and seek to know whether they are consistent with the nature of things. Now I have seen something, though but little, of these manifestations, and that little by no means satisfactory, although, upon any principle known to me, inexplicable. I have also the testimony of persons whom I should believe next to the evidence of my own senses, who have had more satisfactory manifestations than I have witnessed.

But the point which I here wish to make is this: I observe, in all these spiritual communications, that they are made in the stereotyped language and style (and apparently designed to convey the same meaning) of the doubtful, presumptive and presumptive philosophy which has prevailed since the days of Plato and Aristotle, and which was discussed with so much acuteness but with little or no satisfactory results by Bishop Stillingfleet and John Locke. The discussion will be found in Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, book 4, chap. 3, § 5, 6, on the *Extent of Human Knowledge*.

Locke remarked incidentally in his book, that it was impossible for us by reason without re

velation to discover whether Omnipotence has not given to some systems of matter, disposed as he thinks fit, a power to perceive and think, and argued that it was as easy for God to do so as to join or superadd to matter so disposed a thinking, immaterial substance, called mind, having the power to think. The Bishop took exception, and argued that it was not possible to be so. Locke did not argue that God had so made man, but that he could so have made him if he pleased; he admitted as true the popular notion of an immaterial thinking substance superadded. The Stillingfleet doctrine prevails to this day among all writers of all sects, one single person excepted.

This person is the Rev. John Lord, of this city, who has for two or three years been calling upon the literary world to examine, discuss and disprove his philosophy of Man and Nature. But he has hitherto called unsuccessfully. None seem disposed to receive his views, none seem able or willing to undertake to controvert them. The newspaper press, of every name and character, is closed against him. All our systems of philosophy assume "God's universe" to be composed of "matter and mind." They all teach, directly or by implication, that the *certitude of knowledge*, touching first principles and primary truths, is unattainable to man, and that the *ambiguity of words, terms and propositions*, is an inevitable and incurable evil—and

Bishop Whately, whose philosophy is now the text-book of our Universities, declares it in plain English words. Of what value, then, is such a doubtful philosophy?

Now, in opposition to this view, Dr. Lord affirms, that God has made man as Locke supposed he could have made him if he so pleased. He maintains that *man, not mind, thinks, feels, and knows*; that *man is an autocratic and automatic, or self-willing and self-moving free moral agent*; that he possesses his powers or capabilities by the endowment of his nervous system therewith; that the nervous system is the *seat and home* of all our powers, mental, moral, and physical; that philosophy, if true, can demonstrate all this; that the *certitude of knowledge*, touching first principles and primary truths, is possible as well as the knowledge of facts. He maintains mind to be a manifestation merely of man's powers, and not the knowing, thinking, immaterial, separate existence, seated within the body, like a man in a locomotive applying the motive power to grind out ideas.

He affirms that philosophy gives us only a knowledge of man as we see him with the natural senses, and can not show him to possess an immortal nature; and that the knowledge or faith of any other existence than the present, *must come by revelation*; and that whoever rejects revelation and still believes in a future life, believes it upon mere assumption, without any proof. The Bible is his revelation.

Now I do not say his philosophy is true, but I do say that his view of the world's philosophy is a correct one, as can be shown by referring to any or all of their books. He has asked to be heard upon this subject through the medium of the press, but thus far without success. The whole newspaper press, religious, literary, and even reformatory, is closed against the admission of his views, as though it were a subject of

no interest whatever. I, for one, consider the subject one of vital importance, and know of no paper more appropriate than the *Spiritual Telegraph*, in which these views should be presented, examined, discussed, and established or disproved.

The question is, upon what principle does man exist after laying aside this mortal body? What is mind? What is spirit? Is Swedenborg's doctrine of a spiritual body true? If so, can spirits lay aside their own body and enter another body occupied by another spirit, and resume their own spiritual body at will? Is there a difference between mind and spirit? What is it?

Is there a spiritual body contained in this mortal body, and a mind or spirit existing in the spiritual body, and capable of leaving and returning to it at will? Can the spiritual body and the mind, or spirit, or soul, exist separately for a longer or shorter period, and can either possess any intelligence or exert any power in their separate state? It will be observed that I use the words mind, soul and spirit synonymous, not because I hold them to be so, but by way of accommodation, they being generally so considered; but I ask, what is mind? what is soul? what is spirit? Are they one and the same, or are they different? If so, in what does the difference consist? How long can the mind, soul, or spirit, and the spiritual body, if such there be, remain separated, and what consequences would result to either if the time were long? I have seen some statements as coming from spirits, and some from Andrew Jackson Davis, that strongly imply the existence of the spiritual body and the capability of such separation. (See A. J. Davis's article on Death, and A. A. Ballou on Entering a Medium.)

I wish it distinctly understood that I do not make these inquiries captiously or in a spirit of controversy, but for the purpose of investigation; and the next question is, can not intelligent spirits, such as were accustomed to study this subject when in the body, convey to us in intelligible language the true philosophy of this subject of Matter and Power—motion, mode, state, primary and secondary qualities—which pertain to all materiality? Where is Dr. Dick?

If this communication is favorably received, I will write another, and present more definitely Dr. Lord's views in detail. In the mean time, please read the Locke and Stillingfleet discussion. Yours, for the investigation of all truth,

D. S. GRANDIN.

P. S. Since writing the above I have received the *Spirit Messenger*, of May 15, from a friend and medium. The first article is upon "Immortality," which I have carefully read. If my communications are admitted, I will notice the article on immortality.

D. S. G.

Chloroform.

MR. EDITOR:

I notice in the *Spiritual Telegraph* a remark on the use of chloroform, taken from the London *Lancet*, stating that the proper and safe method of administering it is, to permit the atmospheric air to be inhaled with it, and occupy several minutes in producing insensibility. The *Lancet* is late in giving this intelligence. I have been in the practice of giving chloroform in the manner mentioned for several years, and have never known any serious or injurious consequences to result.

Chloroform acts upon the nervous system through the medium of the blood, and has, no doubt, in some instances, produced death, through ignorance or neglect of this precaution. I have administered it in numerous cases where severe operations were performed, occupying from one to two hours, and have no doubt that a person may be kept in an unconscious state many hours without injury or danger, by permitting a sufficient quantity of atmosphere to be inhaled to vivify or decarbonize the blood.

The neglect of this precaution is, no doubt, the cause of injury, and not the length of time the subject is kept under its influence. The only distressing consequence I have known to result from its use is vomiting, which is a very common occurrence.

D. S. GRANDIN.

Portland, Me., 145 Middle-street.

"E. A. K." Dayton, Ohio, desires to know the circumstances which attend the spiritual visitations, to which Mr. E. P. Fowler is subject. We have not time, at present, to answer at length, and can only say that the peculiar mode is described by the medium himself in the last number of the *SHEKINAH*, which also contains engraved *fac similes* of the spirit-writings, through Mr. F., executed in five languages; *Visions of Judge Edmonds*, and a great variety of interesting papers on kindred subjects.

Several articles are unavoidably crowded out, among which are Bro. Elmer's facts, number three, and a notice of the trial and acquittal of Abby Warner, for the offense of being a spiritual medium, and rapping very loud in St. Timothy's Church, at Massillon, Ohio.

ACTED thoughts alone produce real solid being.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SUPERNAL THEOLOGY, AND LIFE IN THE SPHERES; deduced from alleged Spiritual manifestations; by Owen G. Warren. New York: Fowlers and Wells, publishers, Clinton Hall."

Mr. Warren has been a deeply interested observer of the Spiritual Manifestations, and this book contains an account of his experience and observations, written in a style that must be attractive to most readers. The intelligence and candor of the writer afford a striking and agreeable contrast to the ignorance and arrogance which labor to dwarf the understandings of men, by insisting on a blind faith in improbabilities. The object of Mr. Warren, as far as this may be inferred from his work, seems to have been to stimulate thought, and aid in the investigation now going on, by a frank and honest avowal of the facts of the Spiritual phenomena, so far as these have been disclosed to his observation. Had he discharged this duty with less fidelity, he might have suppressed some of the spiritual communications which the book contains, and the truth of which must appear to many rational minds as highly improbable. We refer more particularly, to what is said (page 68) concerning the *immortality of brutes*. The idea that possibly animals may have a future existence, has been accredited by a number of distinguished minds. This does not so much offend the reason; but to make that existence depend, not on any principle of indestructibility peculiar to their natures, but on certain extrinsic and fortuitous circumstances, such as are here indicated, is, in our judgment, intrinsically incredible. Moreover, the reasons assigned by the spirits why "pet animals" have souls, while those whose natures remain unperverted—as they came from the hand of God—have not, appears to us insufficient and perverse.

But Mr. Warren himself, if we rightly apprehend his position, does not place implicit reliance on the communications of the spirits, of which this book contains some very curious and interesting examples. On the contrary, we believe he is willing to "try the spirits," by every ordeal which science and a candid skepticism may be pleased to institute. Nor does he offer his own ideas and suggestions in a spirit of dogmatism, but they are respectfully submitted to the honest judgment of those who take an interest in the subject. Our readers will find Mr. Warren's "Life in the Spheres" an entertaining book. A lengthy extract, containing the experience of a spirit after leaving the body, will be found on the opposite page.

"THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS; by Divine influence, delivered to L. M. Arnold, of Poughkeepsie," &c.

All things, and the history of their origin, appear to vary in their dimensions, as the ideas of men are either expanded or contracted. The present efforts comprehend in a pamphlet of some fifty pages, and is said to be "the highest manifestation yet presented to mankind." The book sheds no light whatever on the subject of which it claims to be the history. It is wanting in all the proprieties of rhetoric and logic, and it appears to us that the author, "whether in the body or out of the body," might have been more usefully employed. The only evidence we have that it sustains any relation to the "origin of all things," is that, in some sense, it resembles the chaos of Moses, being "without form and void"—certainly without literary form, and void of whatever may serve to enlighten the understanding.

In the last paragraph, this unknown historian is made to say, that when he "shall have other than serice to cast pearls before," he will make other disclosures through this medium. But we beseech the intangible and incomprehensible author to reconsider this matter. It seems a melancholy waste of paper and an unwise expenditure of money, especially, while the mystical author of this history so much needs a course of elementary instruction.

The medium, for ought we know, is a gentleman of high respectability. But if he desires to serve the truth and to facilitate the progress of men, he should submit all future communications to some intelligent friend who may be qualified to form a discriminating and unbiased judgment of their claims. If this first effort is of any value, we can only say that we are not sufficiently advanced in the sphere from which it emanates to perceive its merits. No man has a moral right to fill up the avenues which the soul must traverse, with useless lumber, for the spiritually lame and blind to stumble over.

For sale by Fowlers & Wells.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

Providence there are many physical and other manifestations. He related an instance of a sick woman, who was raised up by the spirits and suspended in the air over her bed, for some time. He does not think the communications which have come under his own observation are of as high mental character as some he has witnessed in western New York.

Mr. Stebbins related some facts bearing upon the question of how much our own minds have to do with the manifestations. He says, in the circle to which he belongs, they have many communications on subjects, and from spirits, not previously thought of. In one case a stranger, a gentleman well known in the political world, came in, and a communication made to him had the name of John C. Calhoun rapped out as the spirit who dictated it. The gentleman declared, that though he had known Mr. Calhoun well, (both had been U. S. Senators,) he had not been in his mind for a long time, and he had not had the most distant idea of an interview with him. It was a very elaborate and interesting communication, and left no doubt of its genuineness or authenticity upon the mind of the gentleman to whom it was made.

Three communications, two spoken through Mr. Hume as a medium, and one through a lady, were read by the Secretary. [See next column.] They were given on the 10th inst., at the house of Mr. Partridge. The first was preceded by physical manifestations, intended to identify the spirit about to communicate. The second embraces several topics. The third, though very brief, is none the less important; being a mild but eloquent appeal to our higher reason for scanning, with more gentleness, the motives and actions of erring humanity, whether in this or higher spheres; showing that evil, in the popular sense, is inconsistent, because that which is actually bad, never can become good and preserve its individual identity.

Dr. Hallock related some remarkable personal descriptions of spirits through Mr. Hume, occurring on the same evening. One spirit was described as having been known here by the name of "Elizabeth." Her person was described, and her prominent traits of character as well as the disease of which she died, with such accuracy, that a gentleman present knew her at once from his description. The only inaccuracy that he could point out, being the color of her hair, which had been described as brown, when in fact it was rather a light auburn. In explanation of which, the medium said, "When I look at the forehead, which is very white, [which was the fact,] the hair looks brown to me."

The gentleman (a clergyman) declared that he was not thinking of her at all, and she was brought to his recollection solely by the accuracy of the description given.

The medium then said, "I see an old woman, and her name is Abigail; they called her 'aunt Abby.'" To the question, how did she look? he commenced by compressing the lips and cheeks in such a way as to indicate a person who had lost her teeth. This at once brought to his mind an old lady of that name, called by the whole family, "Aunt Abby," who died in the spring of 1817, when he was some eleven years of age. The appearance assumed by the medium was that of the last impression left upon his mind.—She was an old woman; had prominent features, had lost her teeth for many years, was much emaciated by her last illness, and as her body lay in its grave-clothes, the thought of his young mind, as he stood gazing upon it, was that very peculiarity first indicated by the medium. Her nose and chin nearly met, so acute was the angle formed by her attenuated gums and shrunken lips.

Many other facts were given, going to show the identity of the two individuals in question. But one great object seemed to be to teach us, by taking persons not thought of at the time, (in the last case had not been for many years,) that it was no psychological impression from our own minds, as some have supposed; for there was no impression of the kind existing at the time, and the memory was only awakened by the accuracy of the pictures which the medium had presented.

Another equally interesting and accurate description of a spirit, who said his name was William, was given. Previous to the announcement of his presence and name by Mr. Hume, and while he was engaged in the other delineations, a lady of high clairvoyant powers, through whose mediumship some of the most sublime lessons of truth and wisdom have been from time to time communicated, had written and shown to a gentleman sitting by her, the following sentence: "I am impressed that my father is here and standing by my side; I feel his presence distinctly." When Mr. Hume had said, "there is a spirit present and his name is William," he asked, as if to gratify his own curiosity, "Who is William?" and then immediately said, "O, he says 'Eliza knows me.'" The lady's name was Eliza, and the spirit was her father. His appearance and prominent traits of character were delineated with great accuracy.

Mr. Eighmie stated, that he was a writing medium. He says, on one occasion he was made to write an unfinished essay on the prevention or mitigation of all contagious disease by inoculation, as in small pox. On asking the name of the spirit who was writing through him, he received for answer, "I am Dr. Wainwright, who lost his life by the bite of a snake." Mr. E. says, at the time he was wholly ignorant of the circumstance; but on subsequent inquiry he found there had been a medical gentleman of that name, who had died in the city of New York, from the cause stated. The communication had not yet been fully completed.

Many other facts were related by different individuals, mainly connected with persons who feel delicate about their publication at the present time. One of these was a brief narrative of how a just and good man had passed from the earthly form to the enjoyment of a higher life without a moment's loss of consciousness, and without a clog to the progress of the spirit, because, as he said, he had tried to live a life of faithfulness to known duty while on earth.

Mr. Capron remarked that the statement furnished an answer to a question which was often asked, viz: "If there be no eternal punishment, what advantage has virtue over vice?" The narration goes to show, that the God-inspired virtues which adorn humanity, and which shone so conspicuously in the life of the person alluded to, borrow no luster from the flames of the infernal pit; that they will have an intrinsic value beyond all price, though Hell were not; for they ever bear the spirit upward to the source from whence they came; circling it with a halo, which is an emanation from the throne of God.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Secy.

SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

No. 1.

D. HUME, Medium.

Mr. Hume said, a male and female were present, who wished to commune with Mr. P. Directly, sounds and motions were made as of a violent storm—the roaring and whistling of the wind, the rushing of water, and the breaking of waves—sounds as if a vessel was straining at her anchor and laboring in a heavy sea, amid which she was held by her chain cables—her joints creaking, and she rolling from side to side. The picture of a shipwreck was so true to life, that it made the cold chills run over me. The medium spoke of a longboat with machinery in it, and went through the motions of dying 'mid the raging waters and a dark storm. The Spirit making these demonstrations to identify her presence, is one whose life was lost by the wreck of the steamer Atlantic, in November, 1846. She gave the following communication:

"But, oh! it was not death! Bright spirits were hovering around, and bore me to their happy home; but it would be no home to us, if we were not permitted to return and watch over our dear friends we have left behind.

"To me, the storm has passed and gone, and with it went all the storms of life. From that breaking barque, I passed to one the winds could not beat. It was anchored home in the heavens, and my spirit was nearer God—more easily developed, and was amid influences more pure and holy, and what they ought to be for man's advancement.

"Kindness never goes unrewarded; and for yours, she wishes to express her deep obligation, not thanks merely, but a deep and abiding sense of it.

"Be upright and kind, and it will prepare you for brighter spheres.

"Be patient, as God is. Think of His forbearance, for ages past, with the blindness, the hardness, the perversity of man. If man had possessed His power, he would, in his impatience, long since have annihilated earth and all which inhabit it.

"Think not of the grave. To us, it is past and forgotten. To you, it is but an entrance into a new and more glorious existence.

"Oft in the silent night, when the busy toils of life are hushed and the mind is at rest from its cares, we hover around and watch over you, happy, indeed, at being able then to impress our presence upon you."

No. 2.

D. HUME, Medium.

The question is often asked, Why have not these manifestations occurred before? Why has not God illuminated ages past with these wonderful manifestations of His providence? The reason is obvious. When a little light has been from time to time thrown down, like the feeble rays of a far-off star across the gloom of night, men have shut it up in darkness! They have been enveloped in self and shrouded in skepticism! They think the age of miracles has ceased! Another cause why these things have not occurred in past ages was, the persecution of mediums—it was perceived that men would torture them. It alarmed the superstitious fears of the community. The mediums were charged with being witches, and in league with the Devil! I see them on trial, then taken to the scaffold and the stake, and I hear spirit foot-sounds accompanying them. The younger, more vigorous and more positive state of their accusers, under zeal for God and the good of his church, has made them admit themselves to be *what they were not*. Their defenceless, negative condition, makes them an easy prey to the will-power of their judges and accusers. Now, I perceive the sorrow of those spirits who were not sufficiently developed to foresee the catastrophe as the higher spirits did. They are comforting them in their last earthly agony; and, seeing the sad results of their attempt to communicate through physical manifestations, they have suspended the effort till a more favorable epoch.

When men are told that spirits watch over them, it is not uncommon for them to say, "Spirits should be in better business." The truth is, they do not want their minds inspected; they do not wish to have it known how gross they are. A spirit wishes to express his idea of a hell. I see a mother with her children. She is training them in the path she herself has trodden. As she was ignorant and foolish, so are they. As her path had been beset with the briars and thorns which ignorance and folly engender, so is theirs. Now, I see her leave them and pass into the Spirit-world; but, impelled by the eternal and universal law of affinity, she still watches over them. Oh, the pangs of her spirit, for the wrong she has done, for the misery she has caused! Yet she follows them through all their devious windings through darkness and

through crime, and is it not hell enough? Oh, is it not hell enough!

Again the scene changes, and I see what caused the sin of the mother: A drunken man presents himself—his children, comparatively pure and unsullied, seek associates; for all must have such; they would gladly choose the pure and the good, but they are the drunkard's children, and are spurned from the doors of the intelligent and cultivated. So they are driven back to darkness and ignorance, to glean from the great law of association the happiness for which every human being pants. They could not seek it where they *would*, they must get it where they *can*. Thus, with minds soured by the repulse they have met with, and their darker passions stimulated by the desire of revenge for injuries received, they plod along their devious and uncertain way—the prison of their asylum—the halter their inheritance—the constable and sheriff their ministering angels. They asked society for meat; it gave them a "scorpion"—for bread; they got a "stone." Oh, that men could see the *cause* of crime!—they would love and pity.

No. 3.

BY A LADY, Clairvoyant.

If one tree is blighted so that it can not bear wholesome fruit, should the other trees call it evil? That which is evil can not become good, but the undeveloped may progress to development.

The tree whose root is rotten can not grow; but if it has been merely scathed, it may. So with the spirit—through a long time may elapse. The bud, placed in the sunlight, does not blossom in a day—if placed in darkness, not for weeks. A spirit, after it has left the body, will have to throw off all the perversions that remains. After that is done, progression goes on without hindrance.

Be not wise in your own conceit. Let him that standeth in the light of truth, take heed lest he fall, through the darkness of his own wisdom.

EXPERIENCE AFTER DEATH.

BY A SPIRIT.

After I became conscious, I felt like a person wakening from a sleep—from some unpleasant dream, to a reality too beautiful and exquisite to describe. I saw below me my friends, who all seemed mourning for some one; and upon noticing particularly, I found that it was I for whom they were weeping; and I thought how strange it was that they could feel so badly about one who was so beautifully situated. I then saw around me many friends that I had lost, and was at a loss to account for my seeing them.—Not till then was I conscious that I was dead—that is, what you call 'dead,' but in reality, an opening into life, and life eternal.

The next thing that I realized, was, that one spirit in particular seemed to hover around me; and when I looked at her particularly, I found that it was my sister Caroline. She was so transcendantly beautiful, that at first I did not recognize her; but she soon made me conscious that it was she.

And then there came to meet me another beautiful spirit—who was my sister Maria. She seemed to descend from some place above me, which looked as we see the sky—as you usually call it—looks to us. She seemed so happy to see me, and told me that she was in the Third Sphere.

I occupied some time in going from place to place in my sphere, and beholding its beauties, and all things which pertained to it.

I was then taken by my sister to a spirit who seemed to have the supervision of the Second Sphere, to whom all the spirits seemed to pay respect. I inquired who it was, and was informed that it was one of the angels of God, whom he sent to take the charge—that is, to see that every one did his duty, and was told and instructed in all things. He is a very beautiful spirit, more beautiful than you could possibly imagine. When he welcomed me, he said, "Welcome, my son, to the loveliness and glory of the Second Sphere! While you remain in this sphere, you will be preparing your mind to enter the next; and in the same manner through all the stages until you reach the Seventh, and the most beautiful of all." There was upon his countenance such an expression of holiness, that I bowed down in awe before him; but he gently raised me up, and said, "Kneel not to me, but to my Master, who sent me to you, to assist in purifying you for your eternal home."

After he ceased speaking, there came to me a spirit to conduct me to my home. It was my wife. She took me to a habitation, not house, over the entrance to which was written my name, with the time I was to remain in the Second Sphere: one year and two months.

The space into which I was ushered was perfectly empty, and I was told that I could have it in what I most desired.

First, however, I must tell you, that it seemed to be a large garden, surrounded by a wall of flowers. I forgot to mention, that the size of the space depends upon the length of time that the person is to stay in it. Mine was not large, as I did not stay in it only when I wished to meditate and pray, for I went to other homes to be taught.

My teachers were persons who were appointed to teach each spirit as it enters. The first ones are called preparatory teachers. Their names are alike, but they are not brothers. They teach the same things. First, they endeavor to eradicate all false doctrines which had been inculcated during their sojourn in the world.

You ask if they teach all persons. No, only their division; I mean, that part of the Second Sphere which is given to their care. Their division is called the seventh. There are seven divisions to the sphere. Into this one, persons go who are not to remain long in the Second Sphere.

Then another took me to a point from which I could

see all the Sphere; and when I had expressed my wonder and delight, they began to turn my attention to the Source whence sprang all this glory, even unto our Heavenly Father. They told me of all his mercy and goodness; and when they saw that I was very much affected, and was beginning to be conscious of all my short-comings, they showed me by what means I could make myself most acceptable in his sight. I can not tell you of all they said, for it would occupy more time than could be spared. They then took me back to my home, and left me to think and pray. They (I mean, one at a time) came to me each day, (for I then divided my time as I did on earth,) to teach me. During their absence, I was told that I might occupy myself as I wished, only I must not go from my home until permission was accorded me from the commander. My wife was not allowed to be with me, nor was any other spirit. At last, after a few weeks, I received a message to come to the commander, as he had something to communicate to me. Three spirits, who were in constant attendance upon him, came to conduct me. They were clothed in white drapery, edged with blue. I must mention, that each household of the commanders of the different spheres, have different dresses or styles of clothing peculiar to them. The first ones (those of the Second Sphere) are white and blue; and those of the third are white and pink, which is more delicate and pure than those of the second; and I am told, that as the spheres rise, so do the colors become more pure and delicate, until they reach the seventh, where it is all purity.

I first commenced the study of botany and geology, not altogether from books, but mostly from nature; but I soon studied them almost as I would have done on earth. I then studied all the works upon theology, belonging to every sect, and I was permitted to read and select for myself my religion. After I had pursued them all, and thought upon them, I came to the conclusion, that *love to God and love to man* was the foundation of the true religion; and if we endeavored to treat our fellow beings justly, we should be dealt with accordingly.

I communicated my sentiments to my teachers; and after they had heard me through, they said to me, "In a measure, you are right; but you must always judge *yourself* justly, as well as others. You must always be careful not to think that those things which you do yourself, are better than those which your neighbors do. Be not self-righteous. By keeping, as far as you are able, the express commands of our God, you will be sure to be fitted in a degree for an eternal home of perfect happiness."

My teachers talked to me a long time upon many subjects of deep interest to me; and among them was the idea started, of whether Christ was the Son of God, or God himself. I had always supposed, when I was upon earth, that Christ and God were one and the same person, and that the Holy Ghost was a pervading Spirit. They told me that Christ was and is the Son of God, entirely different and distinct persons. They are one, inasmuch as they are perfectly good and holy, but nevertheless distinct and separate. Christ was born into this world, a man, but with the Spirit of God—pure, holy, and righteous. He was created by his and our Father, to serve as an example to us. He suffered and died for us. I will, after my description of the spheres, enter more fully into this subject, and will answer all the questions which you may see fit to ask. When I reached the seat upon which sat the commander, he took me by the hand, and said to me, "I have been informed at what conclusion you have arrived; not conclusion, but what your ideas were upon the subject which had been brought before your mind. Of course, my son, you will continue to have your ideas enlarged, and will soon, of course, be better able to appreciate and understand the beauties of the true faith." He then told me that I might go to and from my home whenever I chose, and that my friends might be allowed to visit me. Two hours a day I must set apart for meditation; the rest of the time was at my own disposal. It must not be forgotten, that all this while I divided my time into days and hours, as I did when on earth.

After you have become familiar with this sphere, you may go to earth each day, and spend one hour with those friends to whom you are most attached; and, with a blessing, he dismissed me. I returned home, and after I had been there a little while, I was suddenly called by a voice which seemed to come from my home, but I could not see from what part it came. I said, "Who are you that are speaking to me?" and the voice answered, "I am an angel whom you are not permitted to see, but you will hear me speak! for I am appointed to guide and lead you until you reach my own home, where we will commence our journey upward, hand in hand." Instinctively I bowed my head, but I was told not to feel awe, but respect, of course; that the spirit was but a spirit who was a little in advance of me, but that every spirit in the seventh division of the Second Sphere had an attendant spirit, as I had when on the earth.

On the first occasion when I was allowed to come to earth, I visited your family; and my second visit was to you. On the third occasion, I went to my father's house. When I went there, I found them all gone from home, except my mother, and she was in the sitting-room, thinking of me, and weeping bitterly. I tried to calm her, and I think I succeeded in some degree. Many little things appertaining to these short visits, I could tell you, but I will not now. I came daily to earth, and always visited some of my nearest friends.

My studies now began to be more difficult and more numerous than at first; and frequently I was obliged to go to my teachers to receive instruction, and it took much of my time that I would gladly have devoted to you. I should now like to tell you about our meetings.—Every week a party of us meet together. It is a party of friends who are congenial, and who enjoy themselves as they most desire. These parties are called "Affinity Meetings." The numbers are generally from fifty to sixty, many times much less. If any one thinks the slightest wrong, he is not permitted to attend. That occurs very seldom. We devote our time in these parties to music, and the friendly discussion of interesting subjects from which we could be mutually instructed, and which would give food for thought. We do not meet for any specific purpose, only for our amusement.

You ask concerning my studies. They are so numerous, it would be impossible to tell you. I will, however, give you some few of the most prominent. History occupies a good part of our study time. Geology, Botany, Physiology, and other sciences, from many books upon each one of them, by different authors; and then we discuss their respective merits and truths at our society meetings.

The books upon these subjects are by authors unknown to us; but we are informed that they are transmitted to us, some from the First Celestial Sphere, and others from the sixth and seventh of our spheres.

There are fixed laws, requiring us to study a portion of each day, say six hours, and two hours also each day to teach those in other divisions. After this, we can occupy our time as we choose, provided it be not against the laws.

The penalty for disobedience, depends, of course, upon the offence. There is a certain amount to be learned in each division, and one is obliged to remain there until he has learned it. If he neglects his studies one day without permission, he must remain just one day longer than was at first ordained.

With respect to the division of time, we are more particular when we first go there than afterwards; still, we always divided our time into days, and what are called "semi-days," that is, the time devoted to recreation or rest. Our semi-days are your nights.

With respect to all our studies, I can not name them. There are some pursued here not known to earth, and there it is not permitted to name to you.

We attend lectures as you do on earth, to aid us in acquiring knowledge of any subject.

After a spirit reaches the Third Sphere, he has become so habituated to study, that it is no longer a task, but a pleasure; and we are then permitted to choose our own time for study; but we are always required to do something useful. If we neglect doing so, we are sent for by the commander, and reminded of the fact; that is always sufficient to make us more faithful in the future.

I must inform you, that as our time

Miscellaneous Department.

Fairyland.

When violet odors fill the air,
When May is pink in hedge and lea,
Wild yearnings seize me unaware,
And dim old longings wake in me,
And I believe in Fairyland.

When sunset fades along the west,
In blue and green and lilac bowers,
I hear the trumpets of the Blest
Blown from those old forgotten towers—
And I believe in Fairyland.

When summer comes with bloom and leaf,
And looks and laughs thro' wavering trees;
When crimson peach and golden sheaf
Hang ripening in the sun and breeze—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

When kindness half would look like love,
In eyes that give, yet tell their light;
When song and fragrance float above,
And casements open on the night—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

—London Leader.

Jenny Lind's Farewell Concert.

At least 7000 persons were collected to hear Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's Concert at Castle Garden, on Monday night, and hundreds who had come from neighboring towns to attend, were unable to procure tickets. The scene was most brilliant. Every part of the performance was well done and heartily applauded, and when the farewell came, the audience seemed almost frantic. The programme was the same which introduced her to America, except, that in the place of Bayard Taylor's Greeting was the following Farewell by C. P. Cranch:

Young land of hope—fair Western Star;
Whose light I hailed from climes afar—
I leave thee now—but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody.

O, take this offering of the heart
From one who feels 'tis sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit's chords that in thee slept.

The music was not all my own—
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell—when parted from thy shore,
Long absent scenes return once more;
Where'er the wanderer's home may be,
Still, still will memory turn to thee!
Bright Freedom's clime—I feel thy spell,
But I must say, farewell—farewell!

Sulphur, Volcano, and Steam Geysers of California.

The following letter from an intelligent friend, residing in Napa, gives some interesting particulars of a trip of exploration to a section of our State that he has well styled "Vulcania."—While Hawaii has its burning mountain, and Iceland its geysers, California, it will be seen, can exhibit both, side by side, and that, too, not over one hundred miles from this city.

As soon as the facilities for travel to this wonderful spot are somewhat increased, it must become a great resort for the tourist, the man of science, and the seeker after pleasure. Two days' travel from our cities will then take the curious to a spot where the raging fires beneath the crust of the earth everlastingly find vent—where everything from the vitrified mountains to the hot and cold streams within a span of each other, offers something of strange and peculiar interest.

A TRIP TO VULCANIA.

As the windy season is approaching with you, when relief from the dust and cold of San Francisco will be most agreeable, just turn your attention up hereaway, and we will show you hot springs and grizzliest mountains of glass and a live volcano belching forth steam enough for all your steamers, and sulphur enough to supply his majesty below, should his accessions of population from California create a demand in his dominions. If you come, bring your rifle and blankets, and we will take a wagon to McDonald's, about forty-five from the embarcadero at Napa, and from thence go on horseback to the volcano.

I went up a short time since with a party well mounted, and having a pack-mule along with our baggage. The first night we were hospitably received at a friend's, half way up the valley, and bunked ourselves at an early hour, but awoke with a hearty shout to find our beds regularly labelled: our geological doctor found himself "some pumpkins," while the botanical man was marked "old sledge." Each bore the name of his bunk the rest of the trip, in which, of course, I had to figure as the "old hoss" of the party. We dined at Mr. Knight's the owner of a valuable ranch in Rockwell's valley, and were not a little delighted to find a piano and violin so far in the mountains.

From McDonald's to the Vulcan river, 15 miles, over rock, hill and mountain, we were eight hours, and so thoroughly fatigued, we were glad to encamp with the hunters, about one and a half miles from Vulcania. Good coffee, bear fat and venison steaks, prepared us for the night around our camp fire. At day-break, with mountain appetites satisfied, we started again on horseback for one mile; and

then a scramble over the rocks to Plutin river and Vulcania.

First we passed over rocks so hot as almost to burn the feet, steaming forth sulphur fumes and covered with the most beautiful sulphur crystals, and then round the mountain side to the head of the gorge, where the most activity was visible. Here the rocks were too hot to stand upon, and what was once hard granite, so decomposed as to admit running our canes their length into them. All around covered with green and yellow deposits from the furnace beneath, the large hole was roaring with the vigor of the steam pipe of a large ocean steamer, and the smaller with less noise, but nevertheless actively sent the jets of steam fifteen and twenty feet high, and in some cases so near the mountain stream that comes tumbling through the gorge, that in the breadth of one's hand, water of more than boiling heat and almost icy cold may be found. The lower part of the stream had a genial blood heat, in which the unscientific of the party took advantage of a bath, while the others were geologizing and sketching. The whole scene was passing description, and well worth a long journey, and to which I shall be too happy to return the first opportunity.

But what sport, you ask—what game? Well, we only saw thirty-one grizzlies, of which two were killed and five wounded. Elk and deer appeared in multitudes, or, as we passed on over the mountains, affrighted deer would each moment start up before us, and make for the plains below.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Nauvoo.

This city of the Mormons once had 20,000 inhabitants; there are now about 2,000. One half the houses the Mormons left, have been removed or pulled down, and the other half are tenanted.

Each lot contained an acre. In

walking through its deserted streets I started several quails, in the midst of the once populous city.

The mansion of Joe Smith is kept by his wife, (once his widow, but now again a wife, of another and a live man,) as a tavern. Between this mansion and the river are the remains of a famous hotel, which was abandoned after its walls had reached the second story; the walls are of the fine pressed brick, with marble doorsills and caps. Joe's store-house is also standing.

The Mosaic Hall is a fine brick building

three stories high. I am told that all the Mormons were Masons. Their lodge was under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois. Smith, I am told, initiated some of the mothers in the church, when the charter was taken from them and the lodge closed.—

The front wall and the one next to it, which formed the vestibule, are all that is left standing of the achievement of fanaticism called "the temple."

A company of French socialists have purchased

a portion of the property, the site and the ruins of the temple included. They number about 400. While I was viewing the temple, they all came out of their boarding house from dinner. Their foreign aspect and clothing, as they group about the stones of the temple to smoke their pipes and talk—probably of la belle France, made me almost fancy I was viewing a ruin in an older country. One group were gesticulating and laughing over the face of one of the ornaments which decorated each column, which I can not describe better than by referring the reader to the picture of a full moon, which usually ornaments the cover of a Dutch almanac.—*Madison Courier.*

Facts about Milk.

Cream can not rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy, 50 degrees Fahrenheit, all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees, it will perhaps, rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk in spring is supposed to be the best for drinking, and hence it would be best for calves; in summer, it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn—the butter keeping better than that of summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.—*Monthly Visitor.*

Man is a receptacle of the grosser elements in Nature; he is the crucible in which these are all tried, concentrated and spiritualized. R.

Summary of Intelligence.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 26, 1852.

Cavern in California.

A correspondent of the Calveras *Chronicle* furnishes the following account of a wonderful cave in that country:

Calveras county seems to abound in natural curiosities, as there are many caves worth visiting in this part of the country. The great prevalence of limestone in our hill ranges will naturally account for these interesting formations. Late I availed myself of the offer of a kind friend to conduct me to one of them, and was much pleased with my visit, although I am sorry to say, that visitors seem to emulate each other in their zeal to deform and deface what should be most carefully guarded and protected. The cave to which I allude is situated about a mile from the town, on the South bank of South Branch of Sutter Creek. The entrance is through a small opening in the hill, just sufficient to admit a man's body. The descent is easy, the many projections of the rock afford ample means for safe footing.

Neither is it of very great depth, the top of the platform not being more than ten feet from the entrance, whence it slopes gently down till the centre is reached, forming a chamber of about twenty feet high and about fifty feet long. The floor is composed of octagons of calcareous formation, along which in a narrow bed silently glides a crystal stream, rising from a spring in one of the lateral chambers. The roof is divided into compartments, the centre being a large circle, from which depend clusters of stalactites of every variety, some crystallines, others opaque, while some again partake of a variegated hue, as if tinged by coloring matter in the rock through which they have percolated. The graining of the roof is perfect as if moulded by the hand of art, terminating in massive pilasters, with richly adorned capitals strongly ramining one of an ancient Gothic cathedral. From the main chamber, branch two galleries, leading into small apartments rich in groups of the most fanciful petrification, varying from the massive rock to the most delicate and finely pointed crystalline.

A New Motive Power.

A letter from Baltimore to the Washington *Telegraph* contains the following account of a new discovery:

A young man named Force has been residing partly in this city and partly in Washington for some months past. He is originally from St. Louis, but more recently from Texas. I learn, upon what may be deemed good authority, that he is about to become distinguished as a mechanical genius. He is said to have invented a new motive power, which bids fair to supersede both steam and water. It is stated that a model of the machine is already in existence, and that it has been patented with an injunction of secrecy for a certain time. So cautious has he been to avoid infringement, that he had one part of the machinery necessary to the completion of his engine made in New Orleans, another part in Baltimore, another in Philadelphia, and another in New York. The separate parts thus constructed, were in due time collected in Baltimore, and put together by the inventor himself, in a room into which no person has been permitted to enter. It is said to bring the atmosphere into use as a new and important agent, amounting almost to independent self-action; that this new momentum can be so increased as to propel the largest ocean steamers, or adapted to the delicate movements of a watch. The inventor is about to leave for Europe, to have it patented there, and until he returns, the principle of the invention will not be made public here. The correspondent referred to says, that if the invention proves to be what is claimed for it, the world up to this age has never seen its equal."

A Monster.

We saw, this morning, the dead body of one of the most singular natural curiosities which we have ever beheld. It was purport to be the carcass of a calf—but resembling in its conformations anything but a calf. The head, which measured in circumference, just above the ears, three feet and three inches, bore a striking and startling resemblance to the human head. From above the eyes to the back of the neck it presented a perfect resemblance to the head of an old man—the hair and locks being of the 'silver grey' order—and the whole bearing an exact resemblance of what an old man's head would be were it enlarged into Brobdingnagian proportions. The fore-head was singularly perfect, giving a striking development of what the phenologists call the 'reflexive faculties.'

The under jaw had tusks and other swinish appurtenances. The eyes were large and remarkable in appearance, with eyebrows somewhat resembling those of an old man. But the body was no less remarkable than the head. The monster was of no sex, and possessed the feet of a hog, the tail of a dog, and a body covered with white hair like that of a greyhound. Thus, this remarkable curiosity has in combination some portions of the human, the hog, the cow, and the dog, species.

It is the property of Elisha Huli, of Berlin, who has brought it to this city to show it to those curious in such matters.—*Troy Budget.*

Rothschild the Head of Israel.

The Paris correspondent of the *Evangelist* writes as follows:

"Strange news reaches us from Constantinople. I should not mention these rumors, if something similar had not been announced three years ago. I quote the reports, not guaranteeing their truth. 'Syria has been ceded to M. Rothschild for 500 millions of francs. It is not yet known whether he assumes the title of King or Pacha; it is certain that he proposes to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple of Solomon; there are to be chapels for all religions, a line of steamers from Beyrouth to Marseilles, and a railway from Alexandria to Constantinople. The new state of M. Rothschild abounds in iron ore, and forests of valuable timber. It is said that M. Rothschild will appeal to his co-religionists to return to the land of their fathers, to possess the tents of Abraham and Jacob."

WHAT IS HE RESERVED FOR.—There is a lad of only twelve years, W. H. Waddell, living at Pocahontas, Arkansas, who in the spring of 1852, was stabbed, the wound thought to be mortal; the same fall was knocked senseless and cold by lightning; in the

fall of '51 was run over by four mules and a wagon; last winter fell from the third story window, lighting upon a pile of stone; about six weeks since was shot, three balls entering his body. The hero of all these ugly accidents is still alive and healthy, being received, doubtless, for some other kind of shuffling off this mortal coil.

He is evidently "one of 'em!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Romance of Romance.

The history of Mirabeau, the French revolutionist, and the Marchioness de Monnier, is more romantic than romance.

Mirabeau carried her off; she was seized and thrown into a convent; he escaped into Switzerland; he was tried and convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to lose his head. The lady escaped and rejoined him; they passed into Holland; there after a time, he was seized; she was again immured in a convent, and he was consigned to the Castle of Vincennes, where he remained three years and a half. After his liberation, he obtained a new trial; pleaded his own cause; produced a lock of her hair steeped in poison, of which she was in possession of a counterpart, for their mutual destruction should he fail; and, by the impasioned power of his all-commanding eloquence, he terrified the court and his prosecutors, melted the audience into tears, obtained a reversal of his sentence, and even threw the cost of the suit upon the plaintiff.

THE NEW LAKE.—The St. Anthony *Express* gives a circumstantial account of the discovery of

Calvin A. Tuttle and H. Stevens, two of the oldest and most reliable settlers in Minnesota, together with several others, including the writer hereof, some two weeks since, spent three days in the exploring of this lake. They found it to be 30 or 40 miles in length, and full 15 miles in width, containing an area of 450 square miles. They also found numerous inlands to this lake, many of which they visited, and one in particular, which will be found, on survey, to measure 3,000 acres. The explorers, furthermore, found the lake to contain an innumerable multitude of fish, and to be the resort of myriads of wild fowls, countless as the sands of the sea shore. They found its scenery indescribably beautiful. They found, moreover, a splendid belt of timber striking the borders of the lake to the width of from three to five miles, rich in every variety of hard wood.

MORE WONDERS.—Another "medium" was discovered yesterday morning at the Galt House—a young gentleman, who by the mere force of his voice caused a heavy table in the reading room to run about the room with great velocity. Several gentlemen of undoubted veracity were witnesses to the act.—*Louisville Courier.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Williamsburg Property for Sale.

THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSES FOR SALE in South Fifth Street between Sixth and Seventh Streets, called "Monroe Place." Most of the purchase money can remain on bond and mortgage for three or four years. This is the cheapest productive property in Williamsburg, and a rare chance for those with but small means. For particulars, apply on the premises, No. 3, of H. L. Prince, or of R. M. Demill, 186 Front Street, up stairs, N. Y. Call and see them. 1662

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THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychical Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

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AND